

## CHARIVARIA.

"Two brothers of Luton, named OSBORN," *The Express* tells us, "claim that they have discovered the secret not only of perpetual motion but of perpetual power." This must be the recipe for which the Liberal Party has been searching for so long.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has admitted that there are differences of opinion in the Cabinet. The Liberal daily which declared, the other day, that "the Cabinet are now at one" evidently did not go quite far enough in its statement. It should have been "at one another."

Pursuing their policy of secretiveness, the German naval authorities are now, we hear, insisting on their sub-marines performing evolutions under the water.

Dr. BODE, who purchased the Flora bust, has been the recipient of a presentation from Berlin art dealers to mark their appreciation of his judgment. One can understand this. It is not every day that dealers can find a gullible art expert.

A little boy, on hearing that Mr. ROOSEVELT's bag comprises over 10,000 animals, said that he pitied the poor devil who had to carry it in that awful African heat.

We do hope that Captain SCOTT is not going ahead too quickly. He has ordered three motor sledges for his expedition; but how does he know that the local authorities in those outlandish parts will not insist on each of these vehicles being preceded by a man on foot with a danger flag?

With reference to the newspaper heading:—

"PROFESSOR LOWELL

ON THE CANALS IN MARS,"

we are requested to state that the Professor has never been on them. However, if the suggestion should meet the eye of Dr. COOK . . .

In the discussion on Prison Reform the question of the most suitable books for prison libraries has been raised. Surely the most desirable must be volumes of the "Raffles" type, which tend to give a burglar a proper pride in his profession.

Although England beat Switzerland at football the other day, the Swiss team, as might be expected in view of their training ground, played a good up-hill game.

We would draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to the fact that Mr. GODFREY P. COLLINS, who was elected M.P. for Greenock and became a father the same day, has named the helpless little mite "Grianaig," which is Gaelic for Greenock.

"To plant a kiss on a woman's lips is

The fact that a motor-cyclist who was charged at Guildford with exceeding the speed limit was discharged on pointing out that the cigar which he was smoking at the time had nearly an inch of ash on it when he was stopped has, we hear, given a bright idea to an enterprising manufacturer of cycling and motor accessories. He will shortly place on the market a counterfeit cigar with permanent ash.

"A thrush," says a contemporary, "flew at a cat which had designs on its nest in Victoria Park, Dover." The Vandal! Unless, of course, the "designs" on the cat's nest were Art Nouveau.

The fashion for a bride to be accompanied at her wedding by a "best girl" has now been inaugurated, and promises to become popular. Let us hope that it may never lead to an unpleasant scene when the bridegroom decides that, after all, he would be a fool not to marry the best girl.

Each ounce of a new lactic cheese which has just been placed upon the market contains, it is said, an army of 57,000,000,000 germs. The careful housewife, however, will, we imagine, before parting with her money, say, "One minute, please, while I see if they are all there."

"Rinking is one of those amusements in which there is risk of accidents, and a skater must take the risk himself," said Judge LUMLEY SMITH in refusing to grant damages to an injured skater. Besides, a man ought to be content with the damage he has already received, and not ask for more.

The manners of some omnibus conductors leave much to be desired. A lady wearing a fashionable hat entered an empty omnibus. "Hon you go, Bill! Full up!" shouted the conductor to the driver.

Many persons are of the opinion that, in ordering the release of CHARLES BULBECK, who was found guilty of stealing coal, the HOME SECRETARY did not go far enough. The popular little hero ought to have received a reward of some sort.

## To Intending Heirs.

"Lady recommends Boy Attendant of her deceased uncle to any gentleman wanting such." *Dublin Daily Express.*



## YET ANOTHER!

(A suggestion has been put forward for the formation of a "Motor Party" in the House of Commons.)

Independent Motor Candidate. "GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOUR SUPPORT IN THE GREAT CAUSE WE ALL HAVE AT HEART—THE ABOLITION OF THE POLICE VETO!"

a great privilege," says Judge WILLIS. It is indeed one of the most popular phases of intensive culture.

"The new school of professional photography," says Mr. HOPPÉ, "aims to show the sitter as he is, blemishes and all, instead of giving him a face that might be a new-laid egg." This still leaves us wondering as to what the new school does with bald sitters.

A contemporary's pardonable misprint:—"The prospectuses of several new Robber Companies will be found in our advertisement columns."

## POLITICS AND THE POSTER.

[The coloured announcement of the Army Pageant, to be held at Fulham in June, represents a Union Jack borne by what appears to be an ancient Briton, if one may judge by his state of partial nudity.]

HORSEMAN on your charger sitting  
Practically "in the buff,"  
Save for socks and loosely-fitting  
Wherewithals of homely stuff—  
Pelt of wolf or other vermin rudely tailored from the rough;

So of old you faced the weather,  
Fought the best that Rome could raise,  
In the almost "altogether"  
With CARACTACUS's Greys,  
Or with BOADICEA's Cow-boys kept the streets on levee days.

Thus I fancy you, my trooper,  
Turning foes and nursemaids pale;  
But what fills my brain with stupor,  
Makes my shattered reason quail,  
Is the Union Jack you carry in a ninety-knotted gale.

I allow it helps the picture  
With its pattern nicely spread,  
Yet, if I may pass a stricture  
Based on books that I have read,  
You are previous: you are eighteen hundred years or so ahead.

Was your second-sight so nimble  
You could clearly visualise  
Yon superb heraldic symbol,  
Could foresee those sacred ties  
Which the REDMOND-ASQUITH bargain beautifully typifies?

Could you adumbrate O'BRIEN  
Letting LLOYD beside him lie,  
Cheek to muzzle, lamb and lion,  
In the blessed by-and-by,  
With the common flag above them in a perfect pageant sky?

No, my brave but early Briton,  
No such dream occurred to you;  
'Twas the artist's head that hit on  
This sublime prophetic view,  
Showing in a simple poster what Creative Art can do.

Still, I hope to see your circus  
On the Fulham Palace track,  
But if you attempt to burke us,  
If you chuck your Union Jack,  
I shall call upon the Bishop and demand my money back!  
O. S.

"PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS 1/; WITH GAS 3/6."

Advt. in "Eastern Daily Press."

Or, of course, for 2s. 6d. you can have the gas alone. The only thing is that you must consume it on the premises.

From the instructions given away with a certain "Lightning Cough Cure":—

"Take — Cough Cure every two hours for six doses, then every three hours until completely cured." [Pause here by the way and observe the "lightning."] "Keep yourself warm and free from draughts and before retiring take hot onion gruel, and put your feet in hot water and mustard for a few minutes. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected."

Our own "Lightning Broken Leg Cure" is now on the market. Take it every two hours and have your leg well set by a good surgeon. The latter is an important part of the treatment and must not be neglected.

## MAXIMS OF THE MONTH.

[In the Leonine manner of *The National Review*.]

It would not be easy to describe in adequate language the condition to which Great Britain and Ireland and the Overseas Dominions have been reduced by the incompetent aggregation of shouting charlatans and molluscous mountebanks who are at this moment masquerading as Ministers of the Crown. There was a day, from 1895 to 1905, when patriot statesmen, earnestly devoted to the public welfare, strove to make their country glorious without regard to their own interests. Our readers can remember as well as we do the magnanimous galaxies of genius, marred here and there, it may be, by a few examples of talent, that succeeded one another on the Treasury Bench. Most of them still live and are only too anxious to serve their King once more. How long will the country tolerate the criminal ineptitude of the Cabinet of Cowards which now hangs like a millstone round the exhausted neck of the Empire?

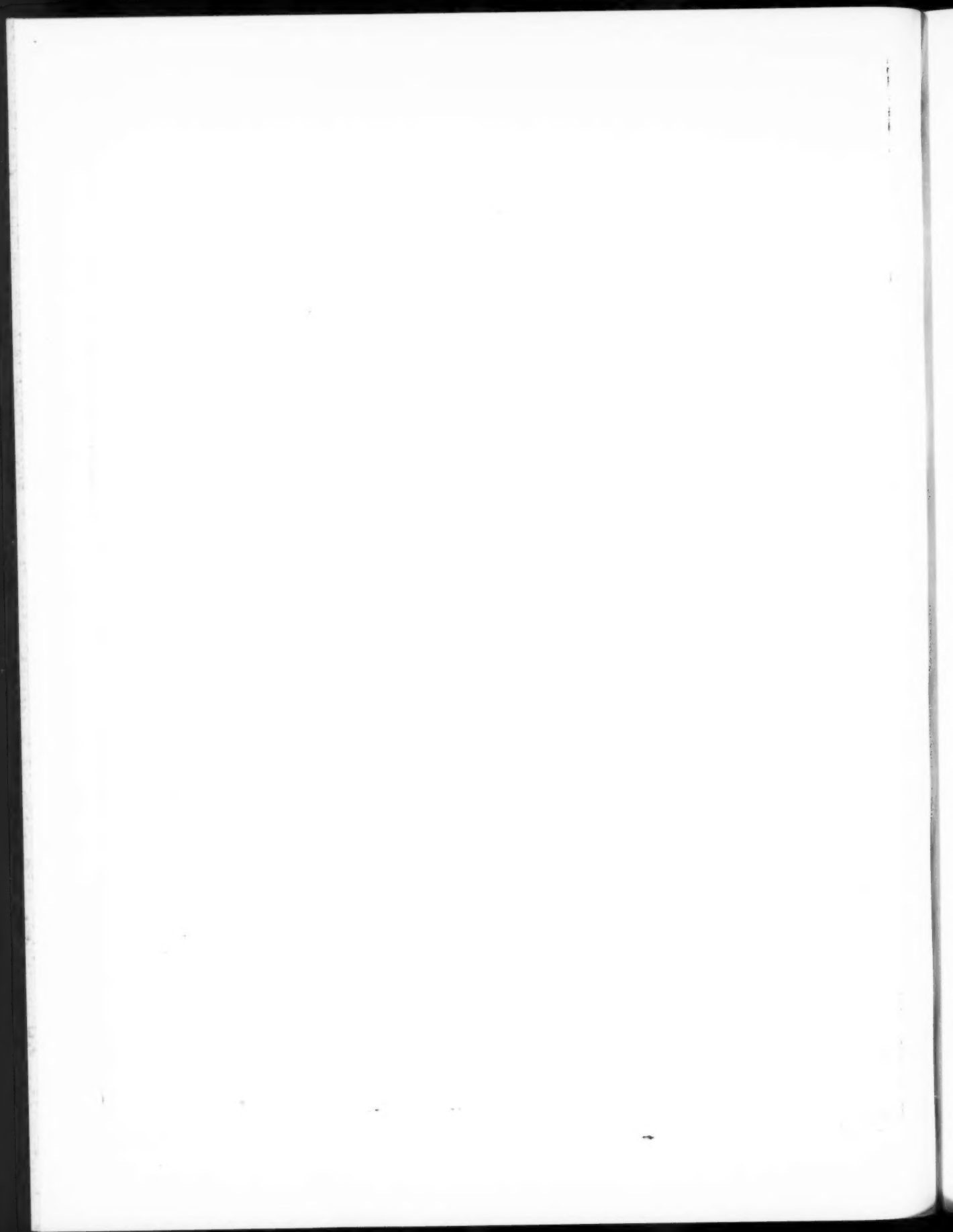
Take, for instance, the prolonged debate on the so-called Veto Resolutions which the Government, with their usual arrogant disdain of the democracy, cut short by the most disgraceful use of the guillotine known to history. Those who listened to the superb and convincing eloquence of a BALFOUR, the ardent and generous invective of a CHAMBERLAIN, the sustained and tremendous philippics of an ANSON, or the glowing and decorative periods of a LAURENCE HARDY, and then contrasted them with the shuffling inefficiency of an ASQUITH, the limping and lamentable efforts of a SAMUEL, and the contemptibly brazen balderdash emitted by the self-seeking demagogue at the Home Office, must have realised the pitch of degradation to which we have sunk under the rule of the hucksters and traitors who for the ruin of their country draw large salaries, for which they never did an honest day's work, from the long-suffering purse of the public.

If the contrast between the two front benches was striking, what word can be used to express the difference between the rank and file on the two sides? It may be said without the least exaggeration that the records of Parliamentary oratory may be searched in vain to find parallels for the massive and magnificent speeches made by men on the back benches to the left of the SPEAKER. One of these—we regretfully forget which—soared to an all but unsurpassable height of constitutional splendour. On the other side we had nothing but the raucous bleatings of pot-house politicians and the "kept" party who happen for the moment to be leagued with them for the abolition of honest dealing between man and man, though, for their own interest and that of the country which they continue to misrepresent, they would be better advised if they frankly accepted the predominance of the Unionist party and joined its members in promoting a policy which holds a promise of untold benefits for Ireland and the Irish.

It may be true—we have never sought to deny it; indeed, we have affirmed it in so many words—that the House of Lords contains some of "the most blatant bounders on the planet;" but we have yet to learn that Canada has faltered in her firm offer of a preference which, by banishing unemployment from our midst, will cause the sun of prosperity to rise upon a distracted and misgoverned land. Sooner or later the Radicals themselves will recognise this, in spite of the ravings of the Cocoa chorus. There is in all Englishmen—we wish we could include Scotchmen and Welshmen—a natural spirit of fairness which makes them suspicious of those who employ abuse in the place of argument. They will thus, in spite of themselves, be drawn into association with the great Unionist Party, which can alone offer them a conjunction of courteous amenity of manners with sound and permanent political views.



THE KILKENNY MINSTRELS; OR, ALL FOR IRELAND.







### GOLF LINKS "DEVELOPED." AN ANSWER TO THE BUDGET.

"To BILL-POSTERS, &c.—The Secretary of the Alnmouth Golf Club is open to offers for Advertisements on Hoardings, in Bunkers, and about the Course."—*Alnmick and County Gazette*.

### MORRIS ON, MORRIS EVER.

It is *Beatrice*, is it not?—in *Much Ado About Nothing*—or *Much To-do About Nothing*, as the programme boys outside the Lyceum in its great days used to call—who says that a star danced and under that was she born. What then of the members of the *Espérance Club*, who, with Miss NEAL as their moving spirit, have been working so hard and gaily for several years now to bring about a revival in England of the old songs and dances? Were they not born under dancing stars too? Surely. And if they had their way this planet of ours might look to the other planets and stars as if it danced too.

Miss NEAL has just compiled *The Espérance Morris Book* (CURWEN AND SOX), with a history of the movement since 1905, when the girls' feet first began to be too much for them as they danced and sang while ordinary dull persons walked and talked, down to the present time when they have to their credit hundreds of villagers all over England in whom the old melodies and happinesses have been implanted. This admirable achievement is recorded; instructions as to the songs, dances and singing games are given; and a selection of them follows, arranged for the piano. Thus any one possessing the book has, so to speak, a

tourist's ticket for Merrie England and a complete outfit while there.

May it find many possessors and more readers!

### COALS OF FIRE.

"It will be wise of the men to capitulate at once, and no longer insist upon male superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly over. And if, in the see-saw of human events, they should in the future be placed in a subordinate position, we must accord them more generous treatment than they have given us. We must not retaliate. On the contrary, we should resist all attempts to degrade them, and let equality be our motto then as now."—*Lady Cook*.]

SISTERS-IN-ARMS, the fight is done,  
The glorious cause of Woman won,  
And conquered Man now quakes to feel  
Upon his neck the high French heel.

Yet, in our great triumphant hour,  
Shall we, like Man, abuse our power  
And make of him the hapless victim  
He made of Woman ere she licked him?

Nay, sisters, be it our desire  
To heap his head with coals of fire  
And let him find a foe in us  
Not merely just but generous.

The vanquished tyrant sees at length  
That we possess the giant's strength;  
But, if he do not prove defiant,  
We will not use it like a giant.

The light and tender touch, the heart  
Of mercy—these are Woman's part,  
And in the age that dawns to-day  
All thoughts of vengeance shall away.

We will not, in vindictive spite,  
Degrade the foe, as well we might;  
But let us rather in the sequel  
Treat him as though he were an equal.

We don't propose to bar the spheres  
Of all professional careers,  
But unto men shall be committed  
The work for which we find them fitted.

The Church between us we'll divide,  
An equal share for either side,  
Apportioned in the proper way—  
The rectors we, the curates they.

So, also, will we leave ajar  
The door that leads one to the Bar  
And freely let them take their places  
As devils unto us, the K.C.'s.

The world of business too we'll throw  
Ope to our conscience-stricken foe,  
And leave who can to make his mark  
As office-boy or junior clerk.

Motto for Mr. ROOSEVELT when he arrives in England—(or for CHARLIE BULBECK or Mr. O'BRIEN or anybody else you like): "Who is it in the Press that calls on me?"—*Julius Cæsar*, I, 2.

## ANTI-STARVATION LEAGUE.

### GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

AN indignation meeting of London restaurateurs was held at the Mansion House on the 18th to protest against the advocacy of starvation as a means to perfect health in an article by Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR in the current *Contemporary Review*. The Chair was taken by the Prime Warden of the Butchers Company, and the audience included Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE and some of the best nourished members of the Stock Exchange.

The Chairman in declaring the meeting open said that they were met as rational human beings and as business men to put on record their extreme hostility to any movement that might depopularise the pleasures of deglutition. The Roast Beef of Old England was in danger, and they were there to protect it. (*Tremendous enthusiasm.*) He would first read a little correspondence which had been collected by their indefatigable hon. sec.

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Royal Society, stating that every member of that body—which included some of the most learned men in the world—ate. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the Secretary of the Asinaum Club to the effect that no fasting man had ever been a member of that distinguished and sapient club. (*Cheers.*)

A letter was read from the private secretary of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in which the writer said that the PRIMATE often had meals. (*Cheers.*)

The President of the Royal Society of Dental Surgeons wrote to urge upon the meeting the need for energy and venom in its attack upon the new heresy.

LORD COURTNEY OF PEWORTH wrote to say that in his opinion a carnivorous diet was not incompatible with adhesion to the doctrine of Proportional Representation.

The first speaker was M. GUSTAVE, of the Savoy Hotel, who riddled the SINCLAIR theory with shafts of Alsatian wit. "Look," he said, "at the Savoy: the size of it, the beauty of it, the cost of it; and then consider the sanity of a man who suggests that we are better without banquets. (*Applause.*) And an American too! After what the Savoy has done for Americans, this is indeed base. (*Hear! Hear!*) No doubt if the ideal man was to be a scarecrow the starvation doctrine was sound. But was it? He asked them, was it? (*A voice: "No!"*) No, certainly not. The ideal man was well nourished, a man whose edacious

triumphs a mathematician would indicate with a curve. (*Loud laughter.*) Very well, then, let their motto continue to be, 'Eat on, eat ever.'"

Mr. EUSTACE MILES said that, though he did not hold with hippophagy, he was a strong supporter of eating something and therefore wished to record his opposition to the SINCLAIR doctrine. If he had be-

she give us teeth but to tear good food apart with?—and where could you get better or cheaper food, without the irritating impost of tips, than at— (*Cries of "Order!" "Order!"*). Nature, he said, did nothing without a reason, and why did she give us elaborate digestive systems but to digest? If he might venture upon a witticism, Nature said digest, and Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR said just die. (*Loud grief.*) He begged to move that *The Contemporary Review* be called in future *The Contemtable Review*. (*Applause, followed by "For he's a jolly good Joseph."*)

Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS begged to support Mr. LYONS. What he said about Nature was true. Nature would not have packed a sheep full of ten-ounce chops if she had not meant them to be devoured by hungry men. Pigs, too. Nature made the flesh of pigs with an eye to the sausage, because she knew that the sausage was a sustaining article of diet to human beings. Speaking not as one of the uninitiated but with all the weight of a Sausage King, he said that Mr. SINCLAIR, when he recommended starvation, talked nonsense. (*Cheers.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE having delivered an impassioned eulogy on beef-steaks as the cure of every ill, a resolution in favour of founding an Anti-Starvation League was passed with acclamation, and the vast audience dispersed in a mood of voracious enthusiasm.



## THE ADVANCE IN ELEMENTARY CULTURE.

[The lady visitor has just asked Henry whether he enjoyed his recent birthday party.]

Henry. In the impression retained by the memory, shades have ceased to count: it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than, nebulously, for a swarm of possibilities. I cut the silhouette, in a word, out of the curious confusion of it all, I save and fix the outline, and it is with my eye on this profiled distinction that as a critic I speak. It is the function of the critic to assert with assurance when once his impression has become final; and it is in noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion upon the merits or attractiveness of the entertainment so generously provided for the diversion of myself and friends.

[Lady visitor before swooning has sufficient presence of mind to ring the bell for assistance.]

lied in starvation he would have opened a Starvation Salon, where it could be done with tact and refinement, under the personal superintendence of Mrs. EUSTACE MILES. But he did not believe in it; hence his salons were for other purposes, but were no less under that lady's control. (*Wild enthusiasm.*)

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS stigmatised the doctrine of starvation as both cowardly and crude. Nature, he pointed out, did nothing thoughtlessly; why did

"Many years ago, when an insurance case was being argued before a bench of seven judges, the late Lord Craighill remarked, in answer to something said by counsel: 'But 2 and 2, you know, don't always make 4.' 'If 2 and 2 don't make 4,' snorted Lord Young, 'I don't know what we are sitting here for.' Whereupon, to the great relief of Lord Craighill, Lord McLaren replied, 'If the things don't b long to the same denomination they don't make 4; 2 candles and 2 tons of coal don't make 4.'"

This story appeared in *The Westminster Gazette* on April 11th, and again on April 13th. We understand that it will only appear once more . . . and then . . . if the House of Lords remains obdurate . . . it will (ter-remble!) be placed upon the statute book. (What we really meant to say was that, even if 2 and 2 don't make 4, once and once makes twice, with the very best story.)

"The Commissioner exonerates the police from the charges of impartiality preferred against them by the Prote-tant party."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.  
Of course!—an absurd charge!



### THE INOCCUPANT.

HINTS ON THE LORDS' VETO.

"Sir,—Whilst on a tram this morning I was asked what was the meaning of the Lords' Veto. I fully explained what it meant. But may there not be many who do not thoroughly understand this question? I invariably raise discussion whenever opportunity arises, and I hope that some good result may ensue from keeping the serious question of the Veto before the public.—Yours, &c.—*Morning Leader*.



## CRICKET CHAT.

[Just to encourage the weather.]

## THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE possibility that there is to be a new method of scoring points for the Championship has aroused general interest and not a little criticism. The suggestion is that draws and losses should equally be ignored, and the percentage taken of wins to matches played. Most of you know by this time what "percentage" means, so I need not go into that; but I should like to point out what a ridiculous system this new one really is. The futility of it will become obvious to the meanest intelligence (*e.g.*, yours) if I take an imaginary example of the records of two counties:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.
Kent	26	1	0	25
Surrey	26	10	8	8

Under the new system Kent would be below Surrey, although all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in its favour, and only brought about by rain! This is absurd. On the other hand, under the old system Kent would have been above Surrey, even though all its twenty-five draws might have been overwhelmingly in favour of its opponents! This is still more absurd. The futility of this or any system, in fact, becomes ridiculously clear. What, then, is the remedy? Obviously—but I must leave this for another week.

By the way, have the authorities considered what would be the position of a county with the following record?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Abandoned
Lancashire	28	0	0	0	28

Or this?—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Ab.	Tie
Somersetshire	18	0	0	0	0	18

No. And yet, unless every possible result is brought under consideration, how can a fair system of scoring possibly be arrived at?

## FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

The changes which have been decreed by the sartorial experts of the Strand this year in gents' cricketing outfits are as usual very slight, but no well-dressed man can afford to disregard them. Flannels will, if anything, be worn whiter than ever, the trouser being shaped a little closer to the leg, and the shirt cut full. Messrs. H. and O. Willis are showing a very smart blazer in red and yellow vertical stripes which looks particularly well upon short stout figures, and is sure to be generally popular. The price is reasonable and well within the reach of all.

Bats are again having a splice, and though the varnish on the back certainly gives them a dressy appearance, it will not this year be absolutely *de rigueur*.

A correspondent writes to ask me if it is a necessity to have a set of bails of one's own. It is not a necessity, any more than it is a necessity to carry about one's own soap; but it will certainly be found in the bag of every man who wishes to be thought really smart. The same remark applies to the leather gauntlets and buckskin safeguards which are indispensable to the well-groomed wicket-keeper-about-town.

## ETIQUETTE OF THE GAME.

The success of the player depends (undoubtedly) a good deal upon what he does, but it depends, at this time of the year, even more upon what he says. On the cricket field, more than anywhere else, it is necessary to say the right thing. Speaking for myself, I have always found that the following conversations carry me through the first match without loss of dignity. At the beginning of a new season every young player should commit them to memory.

## As a Batsman.

"No, sixth wicket down. . . . Well, it's my first game this season. In fact, I asked Bill to— . . . No, haven't touched a bat at all. . . . Yes, I was seeing them rather well at the end of last season. . . . Oh, I never keep my average. I always think— . . . Well, no, not quite so much as that. . . . Hallo, there goes Gerald! What did he make—ten? . . . Hard luck, Gerald. I don't wonder at anybody getting out to-day. . . . Ah, well, I haven't touched a bat this season, you know. . . . By Jove, Robinson's out. . . . Bad luck, Robinson. I expect we shall all get out pretty quickly to-day. . . . Perhaps not you others, but I haven't touched a bat myself, you know. . . . You in, James? Mind you make some. . . . No, take mine. It won't matter much what I have; you see, this is my first— . . . No, not for a long time. . . . Oh, I asked Bill myself. . . .

"Yes, I'm in next . . . Oh well, I shan't keep you waiting long . . . No, last season I did pretty well. But I always think that in one's first game— . . . No, simply haven't touched a bat. . . . It is rather absurd, only Old Bill wanted me to play . . . Oh no, I don't expect to—it's just for the fun of the thing . . . Hallo, Brown's out. . . . Well, see you again soon. . . . Hard luck, Brown. You know I haven't touched— . . . One leg, please. . . . Yes, we are going out rather quickly. We don't get much practice, you know. I simply haven't touched a bat myself. . . . Is that right, umpire? . . . Jove, that was a good ball. . . . Yes, it must have come back a lot. . . . The bowling's awfully easy, George—it only wants hitting. Of course not

having touched— . . . Oh, you ought to make a lot. . . . Sorry, Bill, but I warned you, didn't I?"

## As a Bowler.

"Me? . . . Oh, all right. I don't suppose I— . . . No, two slips. . . . Yes, another in the deep, I think. . . . No, I must have an extra cover. . . . James, just take one down. . . . Sorry, Brown, but you shouldn't go to sleep. . . . That's all, thanks. Jove, how stiff one's arm gets! . . . Oh, sorry, Bill. . . . Absurd, it was nothing like a wide. . . . Awfully sorry. . . . Gerald, get round a bit more. . . . I think I'd better have one slip. . . . Sorry, Bill; I haven't got any nails in my boots, you know. . . . Yes, I used to bowl a good deal, but this year I haven't played— . . . Stay there, Gerald, will you? . . . Catch it! . . . Why, he simply didn't try."

## As a Field.

"Sorry, Bill, I lost sight of it altogether. . . . Awfully sorry, Robinson. I slipped. Sorry, Bill. . . . Mid on? Right O! . . . I never much mind where I field; do you? . . . Bad luck, Robinson. If the sun hadn't been in my eyes, you'd have had that man. . . . No, didn't see it at all. . . . Oh, awfully sorry, Bill. . . . Square leg? Right O. . . . Did you ever see an easier catch than that? . . . Haven't the faintest idea. Thought I had it stiff. . . . Oh, sorry . . . sorry . . . sorry, Bill. . . . Point? Right O."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHelsea.—(1) It is not true that Derbyshire have bought Lord Hawke at a record price and have arranged to draw both matches with Yorkshire. (2) Write to Mr. BENTLEY of the Football Association. CARSHALTON IV.—It is immaterial whether you oil your bat in the mornings or evenings. Your position at the wicket, as shown in the photograph you send, is extremely sound. No, you can only score when you hit the ball yourself; I agree with you that it is hard lines to run the other man's runs and then find that the scorer has given you nothing, but that is the rule.

STEEPLE PUMPTON.—(1) If the ball when bowled disappears down a rabbit hole, the other side could certainly claim six wickets for lost ball. (2) Brown cows make the best screens. (3) If the Little Hagley policeman had money on the match, it was extremely bad form for him to arrest your fast bowler in his first over, even if he had a warrant. A gentleman would have waited. (4) Certainly parsons can be leg before.

TOM.—It's no good asking for a "two-eyed stance" at GAMAGE'S—they don't stock them. You keep your left shoulder forward *now*, and the language will come afterwards. A. A. M.





Scout of Lion Patrol stalking Buffalo Patrol (suddenly to old Gentleman partaking of wayside luncheon). "BEG PARDON, SIR, HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BUFFALOES ABOUT?"

## CULTURAL HINTS FOR APRIL.

(By "HIGHLY COMMENDED.")

**WATERING.**—During a dry April the garden requires at least one thorough soaking. A little ingenuity will enable you to effect this without incurring the arbitrary exaction which the water companies impose upon the use of a hose-pipe. Open the back door; remove the stair carpet; and by means of a small chip of wood (a match will do very well) wedge down the ball which automatically controls the bath-cistern tap. In the course of an afternoon the water will find its way into the most remote corners of the garden, thus not only saving you many hours of laborious work but affording a very pleasing spectacle in its descent.

**TO MAKE A HOT-BED.**—The simplest way is to pour a kettleful of boiling water over the selected bed. The treatment should be repeated as long as it is desired to keep the bed hot.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—The vogue of "natural gardening," which has revolutionised the flower department, need not stop there. I continually practise it in the kitchen garden with the happiest results. Discard all formal beds. Purchase a guinea collection of vegetable seeds and without reading the labels pour the contents of all the packets into

an old hat and mix thoroughly. Sow broadcast over the entire kitchen garden, rake well in and light roller. By this process the ingredients of a mixed salad can be gathered in the dark. New combinations of unsuspected piquancy are being daily reported. Insects, too, are completely baffled by an arrangement which they cannot understand, and they invariably leave the garden in a body.

**MULCH.**—I have frequently come across this name in gardening manuals, but I have never grown it. Possibly it is an implement. If an insect, strong gas-lime would certainly be effective.

**NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.**—*The Theodore*: a new pumpkin; a sport of the old *President* stock, with a tendency to revert to type every four years. Throws out immense shoots, which continue to increase if they are encouraged. A sound cropper, if rather crude in colour; it should be cut back repeatedly or it covers too much ground to be effective.

"Water fell to 36 feet 4 inches on the lock sill. On Monday the height was gauged at 38 feet 4 inches, a difference of six feet. During the height of the flood the water measured fully 35 feet, so that there has been a fall of 9 feet in 4 days."—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Go on; don't be downhearted; "guage" it again.

## TO THE NEW VIOLA.

[Miss PHILIDA TERSON, at His Majesty's.]

Viola, with your namesake's air—  
Woodland sweetness, fresh and fair—  
When you walk and talk and sing  
'Tis the very breath of Spring.  
Dowered at birth and gently trained,  
Yours the charm of youth unfeigned;  
Art is yours, but Nature first,  
Which can never be rehearsed.  
Though your note was brave and gay,  
Now as man and now as may,  
In the hush of laughter's part  
We could read within your heart,  
And—a grace beyond your years—  
Guess the rarer gift of tears.

Take my homage how you will,  
I've the same opinion still:  
Still must tell you, dear Miss TERSON,  
You're the most engaging person  
I have ever made a verse on. O. S.

"Smart Salesman required immediately for van trade, applicants must be used to horses and total abstinents."—*South Wales Echo*.

After this no applicant can complain that he wasn't warned as to the company he was expected to keep.

**MOTTO FOR A PREMIER WHO IS NOT HIS OWN MASTER.**—They also serve who only "wait and see."



THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION.

*Edith (breaking into a hop).* "HURRY UP, MABEL; YOU 'LL NEVER CATCH THE TRAIN IF YOU KEEP ON TRYING TO RUN."

## GOOD NEWS FOR STUTTERERS.

[Miss MARIE ILLINGTON says that the more nervously and awkwardly a proposal is made the more difficult it is to refuse gracefully.]

No stammering marked my fond request;

I did not say the same thing twice ;

My mien was wholly self-possessed ;

My words impassioned but precise ;

I've seldom felt so much at ease

As when I dropped upon my knees.

But when she firmly answered "No."

And brought my wooing to an end.

Then, somewhat softening the blow,

Trusted she still could be a friend.

I own I felt a little hurt.

Having esteemed the thing a cert.

Later we met—'twas at a dance—

And, though her language had been plain,

At rather less than half a glance

Hope promptly roused itself again.

And whispered—"Re-assail the fort.

Just have another shot, old sport."

I engineered a tête-à-tête :

The lady's scorn I duly dared :

But, feeling I was in a state

Inevitably unprepared.

Scarcely imagined she would be

Moved by my incoherency.

Yet—wondrous change—upon her face

The love-light soon began to shine.

She could not negative with grace

This nervous second shot of mine.

With joy my heart leapt wildly, as

She swore to marry me. She has.

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

(A rosy anticipation.)

Why look at living actors? Why bother about personalities on the stage? Come to the Cinematophone Theatre instead.

It has long been the great drawback of English drama that plays are written around the figures of popular actor-managers, to the detriment of true art. The Cinematophone Theatre will change all that. When the player no longer appears before his audience in the flesh, the desire for individual ovations will naturally cease.

What is the Cinematophone? It is an ingenious combination or rather correlation of the cinematograph (which has already abolished the necessity of going to see races and motor accidents in person) and the gramophone. The former flings the movements of the drama on a screen, whilst the latter.

placed in the wings, reproduces the voices of our very best actors and actresses. The standard of these voices will be higher because none but the best will be used. A couple of picked voices, one for the men's parts and one for the women's, can, with various modulations, speak the whole play into the instrument. Dramas need only be acted once, and that before the camera, when nobody will be nervous. Everyone, in fact, will be benefited—the actor, because he will have plenty of time to spare for more useful avocations, such as politics and philately; the public, because they will get more for their money, for the Cinematophone can be made to go twice as fast as the original performance; the playwrights, because they will write better plays (there will be no one-part pieces now); and the Cinematophone Theatre, because the box-office will be beleaguered all day. There can be no doubt that the Cinematophone Theatre has come to stop.

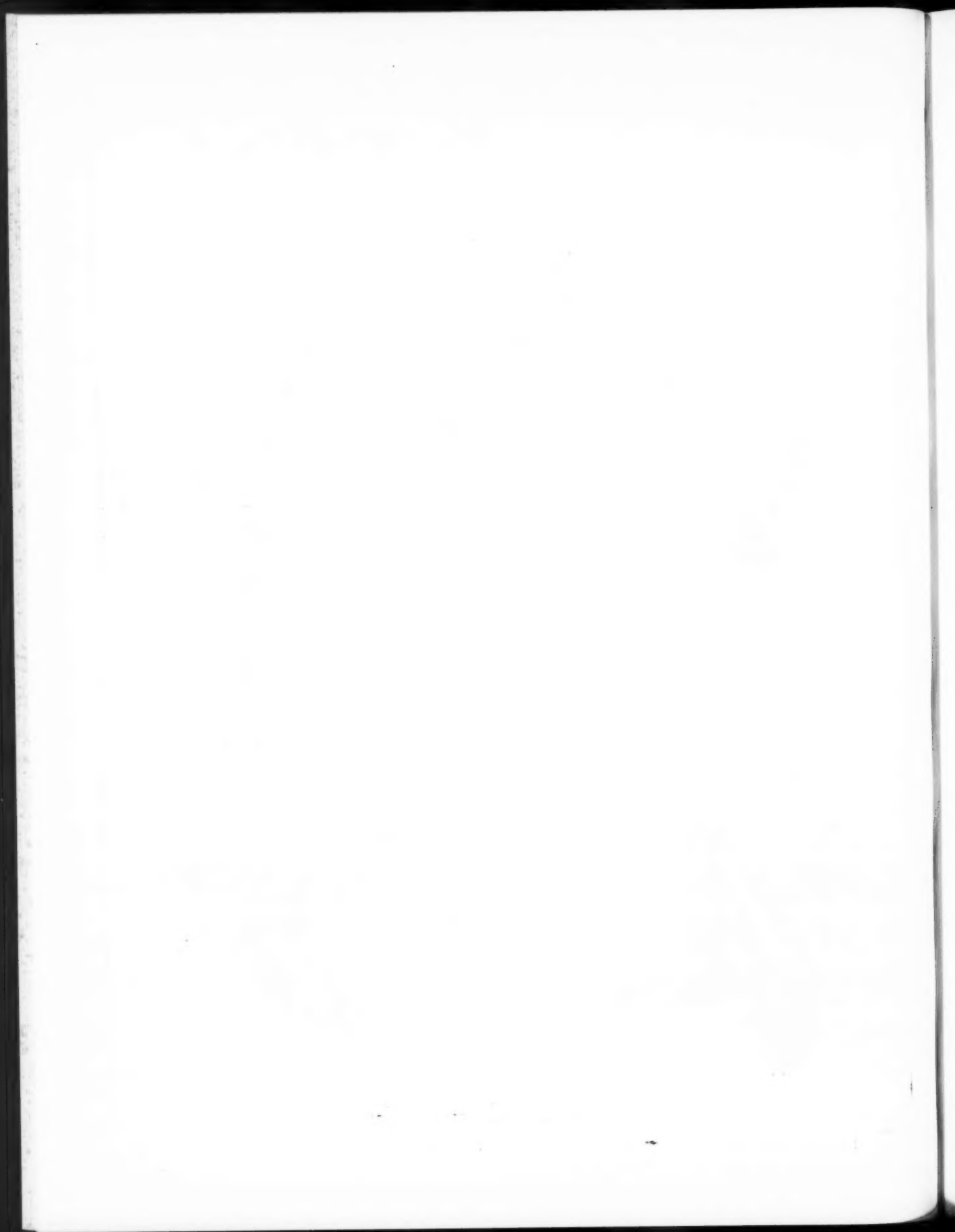
"Mr. O'Brien seems to have blundered into the wildest inaccuracies and indiscretions, some of which even the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to correct."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Even" is good, for a Radical paper.



### THE LITTLE DOTARD.

REGISTRAR JOHN BULL (to bearer of venerable infant). "WELL, WHAT CAN I DO FOR IT—BIRTH CERTIFICATE OR OLD-AGE PENSION?"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 11.*

—Just before the clock pointed to quarter to four, signalling automatic closing of series of debates that daily arise upon process of questioning Ministers, PRINCE ARTHUR strolled in. At sight of him storm of cheering burst from Irish camp. Echoed from below Gangway on Ministerial side.

This really very nice. An old Parliamentary hand, hardened to varied emotions of Parliamentary life, PRINCE ARTHUR not prone to display emotion. But at this spontaneously hearty reception a faint blush crimsoned his still fair cheek, a pleased smile illuminated his countenance. Not quite clear what it all meant. Natural to suppose that his late arrival, blooming with health and gaiety after week-end spent in the country, had relieved apprehension. They thought he wasn't coming, and here he was. Hence these cheers.

As he dropped into seat on Front Bench, cheering uprose again, continuing to interruption of business. Very odd. Must be more in it than met the eye or the ear. Whispered enquiry addressed to LONG solved the mystery. Just before his arrival there had been animated examination and cross-examination of PREMIER with respect to literary exercise of Sir ROBERT ANDERSON, sometime head of



THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE!

A blood-curdling little ballad of the Proletariat  
by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Writing in a monthly magazine, he casually mentioned—as who should say, “On such and such a day I bought a horse or a house”—that he had contributed to epoch-making series of articles published twenty-three years ago entitled “Parnellism and Crime.”

Irish Members naturally wanted to know what a trusted confidential Government servant was doing in what printers might call this galley? In reply PREMIER did not mince matters or phrases. Denounced excursion into field of journalism as “gross breach of official confidence,” “action contrary to rules and traditions of the Civil Service.” All done without consent or knowledge of his chief.

Even whilst these words of stern reproof rang through House, PRINCE ARTHUR, with unconscious dramatic effect, lounged in. At the period in question he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland. It was under his régime that the contributor to venerated *Maga* had been engaged by the Castle authorities on Secret Service work. Putting two and two together and making five, quick-witted Irish Members saw their opportunity, and by inarticulate accusation associated the blameless LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION with the old unsuspected scandal that had just leapt to light.

As to a blind horse a nod is as good

as a wink, so to the alert House of Commons an ironical cheer is, upon occasion, as expressive as an explanatory speech.

*Business done.*—Second Veto Resolution moved.

*Tuesday.*—According to Orders of the Day and general expectation, debate of sitting will wander round Veto Resolutions. Actually that highly respectable but, as it turns out, somewhat stolid business plays a part that WILLIAM O'BRIEN, alluding to his friend JOHN REDMOND in relation with his esteemed compatriot JOHN DILLON, calls “a very cracked second-hand fiddle.” As hinted above, in these days of a still young Parliament it is what is ironically called the Question Hour that produces liveliest debate, increasingly attractive by reason of variety of topic. Time was when, in deference to spirit and letter of Standing Order, Questions addressed to Ministers might be put only after due notice. In rare cases it was permitted to seek elucidation of answer by further enquiry. What are called supplementary questions, calculated to place Minister in embarrassing position upon probably delicate matter of state, were sternly repressed by the Chair.

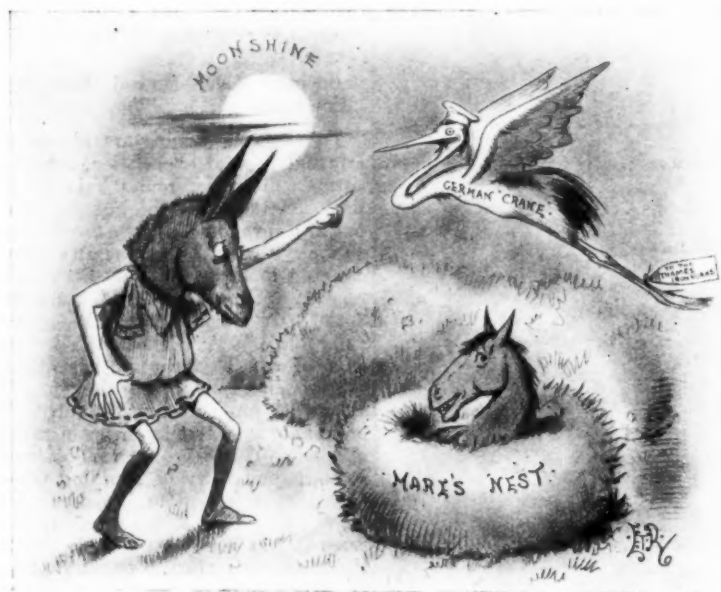


A BUDDING PRIMROSE.

Mr. Neil Primrose delighted the House of Commons (and Lord Rosebery in the Peers' Gallery) by delivering an admirable maiden speech.



“THAT YOUNG SEA-DOG McKENNA.”



"GERMAN CRANES AND OTHER STRANGE BIRDS."

(Discovered by Mr. Bottomley.)

Bottom. "Find out Moonshine, find out Moonshine."

"It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

To-day, under new ordinances, succession of skirmishes swept the House in its opening hour. First to come under fire was SEELY. Catechism about the MAD MULLAH brief compared with fusillade of questions re-opening old controversy touching Chinese and Kaffir labour in South Africa. SEELY has not been to the wars for nothing. With his back to the wall, attacked by hon. friends below Gangway and hon. gentlemen opposite, who fire at each other through his body, he comes out of scuffle not only alive, but kicking.

That young sea-dog McKENNA next taken by scruff of neck with intent to shake him. ADMIRAL (of the Blue) BURGONE and ADMIRAL (of the Red) MIDDLEMORE bear down upon him from different quarters. CHARLIE BERESFORD chips in with enquiry as to what Austria is doing on the Danube in the way of launching *Dreadnoughts*? LEE hauls to leeward and fires shot across bows of Admiralty yacht. Then BOTTOMLEY comes alongside with searching questions about German cranes and other strange birds. He is permitted to fire right off a volley of six arguments or assertions thinly veiled in form of question.

Far away on the port side roar of the voice of Mr. BELLOW (South Salford) for a moment dominates sound of miscellaneous firing. Additional effect given to this interposition by its suddenness, its

irrelevancy, and its deafening blast. SEYMOUR FOSTER, *à propos* of nothing, slips in a hit at "unpopular Cabinet Ministers," and MACVEAGH, readiest, wittiest of Redmondites, gets back a nasty one about "Company promoters in the City."

Now and then in comparative pauses of the turmoil sounds a shrill "Hear! hear!" from under Gallery immediately behind REDMOND *ainé*. This is Mr. REDDY giving vent to overcharged feelings. He doesn't mean anything, whether in the way of approval or dissent. But excitement must find vent, and it is quite Parliamentary to cry, "Hear! hear!" However grave may be the business to the fore, however high angry passion may have risen, Mr. REDDY's piping falsetto "Hear! hear!" with its undercurrent of almost childish delight is answered by roar of laughter. This clears the air for a moment. Then the hounds of interrogation are off again on fresh tack, having caught scent of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip. The only persons inclined to regard situation with apprehension are the Members, considerable in number, who, having in obedience to Standing Order given notice of questions which appear on printed paper, find themselves at a quarter to four swamped by flood of controversial acrimony.

*Business done.*—Lively miscellaneous debate in Question Hour. Later, dull discourse on Veto Resolutions.

*Thursday.*—Dull debate droning through four days suddenly flamed up. At 7.30 blade of guillotine would fall. PREMIER intervening proposed to state what would be done in event of Lords throwing out Veto Resolutions. PRINCE ARTHUR objected on point of order. Difficult position for CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Mr. EMMOTT as usual rose to occasion.

"I have not," he said, "yet arrived at what the right hon. gentleman is going to say."

Could not therefore judge whether he was or was not in order.

"What I was going to say," the PREMIER explained, "is this. If the Lords fail to accept our policy as embodied in these Resolutions—"

PRINCE ARTHUR up again, still objecting. CHAIRMAN deferred to obvious technicality. ASQUITH postponed statement till motion for adjournment.

At eleven o'clock PREMIER made his statement. Announced that if Lords throw out Veto Resolutions "we shall feel it our duty immediately to tender advice to the Crown."

This note of battle echoed with enthusiasm on Ministerial side. Here was proclamation of war. House roused to state of frantic excitement. Earlier, when Resolutions were agreed to and PREMIER brought in Bill founded upon them, Radicals had sprung to their feet and vociferously cheered. This nothing to scene that followed on adjournment. Once more Members on Ministerial side rose *en masse*, madly cheering. Opposition vigorously replied. It occurred to some 'twas time to go out and look for taxi-cabs; still as they passed forth they wildly cheered.

*Business done.*—Veto Resolutions passed by majorities that steadily maintained the average of the round hundred.

#### A Rumour.

Mr. LEVER's present soap case (*Hudson v. Gossage*) has, we hear, caused much heartburning in Carmelite House. The Brethren complain—and we think the complaint quite reasonable—that, after their long and close association with Mr. LEVER in so many of his trials, their ungenerous exclusion from participation in the present one is an act that almost savours of discourtesy.

Extract from the Royal Sea-Bathing Hospital Report:—

"Each patient is required to bring . . . a Tooth Brush and small Tooth Comb."

Be sure to part your teeth down the middle.



Biddy (to Car-driver who has been discoursing on the woes of his distressed country). "WILL YE HAVE SOME WATHER WITH US?"  
Car-driver. "SURE, I WILL NOT. WOULD YE BE ADDIN' TO ME OTHER THROUBLES?"

### OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

**SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES! SIGNATURES.**  
No more confusion as to Old Masters.

Everything as plain as day.

By the Kristalklir Process all doubts removed.

The process is not of course adaptable to pictures already painted, but every artist who proposes to become an Old Master should ensure his success by using it.

The Kristalklir process of signing a name on a picture is at once Distinct and Permanent.

The name is so indelibly bitten in that nothing can ever obliterate it.

If VELASQUEZ had used Kristalklir the *Rokeby Venus* might or might not have borne his name; but, if it had, there would have been no chance for Mr. GREIG to write to *The Morning Post*. Nor

would there have been, had the Kristalklir process been known to DEL MAZO.

Demonstrations of the Kristalklir method of signing pictures may be witnessed daily from 10 to 5 in the Burlington Arcade Studios (adjoining Burlington House).

### SPRING IS HERE!

Green Peas are Coming!

Ask at your Cutler's for the

### PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

FOR SELF-MADE MEN.

Cannot Cut the Lip.

Easily carried in the pocket, and can be opened secretly under the table and transferred to the plate without attracting attention.

### THE PATENT SAFETY PEA-KNIFE

has several advantages above all others.

(1) Its size. At the great demonstration of its uses at the Albert Hall on February 30 the winner of the first prize conveyed as many as 120 peas to his mouth at one time without a scratch.

(2) Its beauty. Silver-plated.

(3) Its compactness. The vest pocket of an evening dress waistcoat could easily hold three; but one is enough!

Price (with 6 additional blades, guaranteed to last the most determined pea-eater for ten years), half-a-guinea.

### VENUS AND "THE MORNING POST."

THE extraordinarily interesting correspondence in *The Morning Post* on the subject of the *Rokeby Venus* has been damped down since the appointment of the committee of investigation. As our contemporary remarks, "the matter must now be considered *sub judice*." Mr. *Punch*, however, has great pleasure in printing a few of the overflow letters which have been kindly placed at his disposal by disappointed correspondents.

SIR,—By a natural transition the discussion of *Venus* suggests the kindred case of Mars. This must be my excuse for obtruding on your notice a curious personal experience which recently fell to my lot while staying with my old



friend, Professor Schiaparelli. The Professor, as your readers are doubtless aware, is a great expert on the subject of Mars, and amongst other artistic trophies is the proud possessor of a fine portrait by CANALETTO. Looking at it in a strong light one day, I was startled to observe a complicated cipher on the upper right-hand corner of the picture, and, examining it carefully through an astigmatic myoposcope, I made out clearly the initials R. J. (RICHARD JEBB?) surmounted by an imperial crown and supported by a coronet. May I suggest that, after completing their investigations into the signature of the *Rokeby Venus*, your committee should proceed to Bologna to settle the question of the Canaletto Mars. It is by such acts as these that international amity is promoted.

Yours, etc., PIPSTON RIVERS.

SIR,—Anyone can *sign* a picture, but to paint one in the manner of VELASQUEZ is, as SHAKESPEARE says, quite another story. For instance, I never sign my pictures, but their problematic character renders them recognisable at a glance, and I am quite certain that your committee would never fail to distinguish them from those of SARGENT, ORPEN, BOSDOOM, or MARIS.

Yours, etc., JOHN COKER.

SIR,—The Committee you have invited to inquire into the alleged presence of markings or ciphers on the *Rokeby Venus* is by no means bad so far as it goes. But there are some unaccountable omissions which I trust you will remedy before the work of inspection is seriously begun. The National Gallery is an imperial asset, and it is impossible fully to master the great lesson how to think imperially without knowledge of the treasures enshrined beneath that majestic cupola. Hence the paramount importance of including representatives of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea on the Committee. To supply this crying need, I should suggest the addition of the names of Mr. RICHARD JEBB, Mr. PIPSTON RIVERS, Mr. FABIAN WARE, the Hon. A. BATHURST, and possibly Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

Yours, etc.,  
CONFEDERATE.

SIR,—I think I can throw a little light on the mystery which has been puzzling the *cognoscenti* of the art world. A couple of months ago, while passing along the North side of Trafalgar Square, I saw a thin man with a haggard, hatchet face hurrying along carrying a large roll several feet in length. As he was obviously a gentleman it seemed strange that he should be carrying so awkward a parcel, but I thought nothing more of the matter until I recognised the bearer by a photograph in one of the papers as Lord ROBERT CECIL.

Putting two and two together, I have little doubt that when I saw him, still smarting from his defeat at Blackburn, this unscrupulous opponent of the Imperial Evolutionary Idea had just purloined the real Velasquez and substituted for it the indifferent canvas bearing the strange marks debated by Mr. GREIG. Trusting that the matter may be made the subject of a question in the House.

I am, Sir, Yours,  
SEBASTIAN PHAYRE.

SIR,—Has it occurred to anybody that under a proper and rational system of Protection it would never have been possible to introduce VELASQUEZ' unfortunate picture into England, and that we might then have been spared the long and harassing controversy which has distracted the minds of thinking Englishmen from the vital problem of how best to promote that Imperial Evolution to which you, Sir, and Mr. RICHARD JEBB, have consecrated your lives? Yours, etc., TORY J. P.

#### Clothes-Lines.

["Fair lady with two Friends . . . Wednesday evening. Mackintosh desires acquaintance."—*Evening News' Agony column.*]

BLUE SERGE DITTO.—Marble Arch; would like to hear from large cartwheel hat (nothing else visible). "Thy face I never see."

BUFF WAISTCOAT.—Can you meet short skirt (Bond Street) at the Carlton lounge?

ODD SOCKS would like to correspond with stout pair of boots (Hackney Road) with a view to partnership.

FAISANE (CHANTECLER) HAT.—White Spats (Berkeley Square) would like to make your better acquaintance. Address "Cocorico."

"So here they are on the landing stage at Liverpool, waiting their turn with hundreds more like them, men of all trades and businesses patiently waiting to race the doctor, the emigration officers, the four days at sea, and five days in a railway train, and the rolling prairie at the end."—*Daily Mail.*

Competitors who are successful in the first four events may run or roll, as they prefer, in the final contest.

"A gun had been designed capable of throwing a projectile within a radius of 50 square yards."—*The Globe.*

The mathematician who does our contemporary's tariff statistics must explain to the staff again what a radius is.

"The parts were well sustained, and there was very little loss of pitch in any of the pieces; in fact, some of the glees were finished quite in time on the last chord."—*Kent and Sussex Courier.*

Just the right place to finish.

#### AT THE PLAY.

##### "THE NAKED TRUTH."

THOUGH Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY always plays the sort of man whom in real life I detest, yet I must confess that I find him, as played by Mr. HAWTREY, irresistible on the stage. In this play, by GEORGE PASTON and W. B. MAXWELL, at Wyndham's, *Bunny Darrell* is the usual man-about-town-and-in-the-city, with this difference: that owing to the influence of a magic ring (which his uncle has brought home from India) he suddenly finds himself forced to tell the truth on every proper and improper occasion.

At the end of twenty-four hours of this he is practically ruined—libel actions, divorce actions, and every other kind of action are hanging over him; the girl he loves is leaving him, the woman he philandered with is threatening to stay with him. But he has gained one friend. His uncle is struck by the noble way in which he denounces the fraudulent company of which he is secretary, and promises to give him a fresh start (with legacies in prospect). At this happy moment *Bunny* manages at last to get the ring off his finger. To the satisfaction of himself and all his friends, the fatal gift of truth leaves him; quarrels are made up and everybody is happy again. (Even, no doubt, the cook, who had been told that her omelettes always seemed as though they had sat up all night.)

Now, shall I put the discarded ring on my own finger, and say that the idea is old to the point of stiffness; that an unpleasant atmosphere of bowdlerised intrigue hangs over some of the action; that at times, particularly in the First Act, the humour is attenuated to a degree? Never! Let me rather say, as I said before, that Mr. HAWTREY is as irresistible as ever; that he has a way of saying the most ordinary thing so that it sounds extraordinarily funny; and that in the last two Acts he really has a number of funny things to say.

Let me call attention also to some splendid acting by other members of the company. Mr. ERIC LEWIS is always amusing; but, in addition to his, there were two excellent performances by Mr. GEORGE BELLAMY, as *Prosser*, a stockbroker's clerk, and Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, as *Teddie Lestrangle*, the usual overdressed idiot, with in this case the most delightful lisp. (Mr. ERIC LEWIS, by the way, was Mr. Hayter, "the biggest flirt in the Royal Society.") Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR and Mr. LYLE, too, who were so good in *The Little Damozel*, were good again. You understand that I do not need to take the ring off to say that all these help to provide a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. M.





Caller. "Is Mrs. BROWN at HOME?"

Artless Parlourmaid (smiling confidentially). "No, Ma'AM—SHE REALLY IS OUT THIS AFTERNOON."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BARRY PAIN always writes well about disagreeable men, and with an enjoyment which I (at any rate) share. His range is a wide one, extending from the utterly base to the merely futile, and including every kind of fool and bounder that you can possibly want. At times his insight into their souls is almost indecent; no rag of make-believe is allowed to them. I remember one of his villains telling some girl that he always hated walking over Waterloo Bridge at night, because if some poor woman jumped into the river he would be afraid to jump in after her. The girl said, "Ah, but if you're afraid of being a coward that shows you wouldn't be one." "Of course," wrote the man in his diary that night, "I knew that women think you must be brave if you confess to being a coward, and that was why I said it." When I read Mr. PAIN I begin to think of all the things I have said lately, and to wonder why I said them. In *The Exiles of Faloo* (METHUEN) he introduces us to a healthy lot of ruffians, all of whom have had to leave England suddenly to find sanctuary upon an island in the South Seas. There is trouble between the natives and these Englishmen; there is one nice ruffian who had been more sinned against than sinning; there is a pretty girl who arrives unexpectedly

in a yacht. Mr. PAIN has fashioned simply and ingeniously a framework which suits his methods exactly, and has built up on it a story of great humour and interest.

*Reginald in Russia* (METHUEN) might with equal impropriety have been called "Vladimir in England;" for *Vladimir* appears just as often as *Reginald*—and that's once—in "Saki's" delightful little collection of cosmopolitan trifles. He gets his chief effects by the device of a final surprise. For examples: (1) *Vladimir* goes out shooting at large, and brings home an animal with whose designation he is unfamiliar. From his account of it (nobody actually investigates the contents of his bag) it is assumed that he has slain a fox. This is the last tragic blow in the unfortunate career of the local Master of Hounds. It needn't have been, for the beast turns out to be nothing worse than a polecat. (2) A gentleman of nervous habit is cruelly embarrassed by the necessity of dismantling himself in a train so as to release a mouse that is doing pioneer work in his undergarments. He needn't have been, for the lady who is the only other traveller in his compartment turns out to be blind. (3) The near-sighted husband of *Lady Anne* finds her seated stiffly by the tea-table in the gloaming. He conducts a one-sided conversation, in which his efforts to conciliate her, by making light of their quarrel at lunch, are vain. He needn't have insisted, for she turns out to have been dead for some

time. (This is too like the blind lady story, and also perhaps a little too gruesome.) But the author's "shock tactics" are not confined to situations. He never allows us to forecast his next swift turn of phrase or fancy. Of course he cannot always conceal—what jester can?—that his humour is designed; that he means, in fact, to be funny. But he seldom gives away his processes. For the rest, what malice lurks in his satire remains impersonal and hurts nobody. A really charming volume, and one of the rare sort which makes you feel that its author has paid you a compliment in hoping that you will enjoy it.

Before I came across Messrs. DUCKWORTH's helpful hint that *The Diary of an English Girl* is the genuine article, and so "free from literary artifice," I took it for an elaborate satire on the old-fashioned critics who were blind to the virtues of certain other diaries of yesteryear, chiefly remarkable for the unpleasant impression they gave of the modern maid. I imagined the anonymous author saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. You object to strong meat. *Bien*. I will give you milk-and-water, and see how you like it." But it seems I was wrong. The book is a human document, a real *bonâ-fide* diary, "the delicate self-portrayal of a girl of eighteen," and its record of picnics, riding expeditions, dances, Christian Science "treatments," unrequited love and tears—especially tears—must be judged accordingly. "He loves me, he loves me not" ("he" being a stalwart undergraduate of Cambridge), sighs the maiden over and over again, and, with each fresh petal that she plucks from the innocent daisy of her poor little attachment, weeps bitterly. So that I was heartily glad for her sake when she learnt the sad truth from the very last petal, and plunged into her fifteenth flood of tears. But, alas, she has mourned unto me, and I have not wept, hard-hearted brute that I am, though I pity her deeply, since it was largely the fault of her foolish mother and grandmother that she made the mistake of thinking that, after all, the daisy might have an odd number of petals. (If you work the sum out you'll find that I'm right.) But our Niobe—for her wealth of tears is almost classical—has her consolations. She writes nice little verses, quite good enough, to judge from the samples in her diary, for the evening papers, and short stories which bring grateful letters and cheques from the editors of the magazines. And, in spite of her passion for crying, she is much nicer than the "literary artifice" girls who write those other diaries.

In his day FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, one of the most brilliant of the Irish Parliamentary Party that came to Westminster under the leadership of ISAAC BUTT and were subsequently captained by PARNELL, was also its Ishmaelite. A quarter of a century ago, resenting the action of the Land League, he withdrew from the arena. He reappears, bringing with him two portly volumes labelled *A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1870 to 1890* (LONGMANS). As for a dozen years he lived and worked behind the scenes,

few men are better qualified for the task of producing such a record. Its performance is hampered by the exhibition of strong personal feeling displayed, with exceedingly rare exception, against his former colleagues. An unconscious humour runs through the long story. At least a dozen times Mr. O'DONNELL presents himself to the consideration of the reader as the impartial historian. The remark is generally preliminary to an exceptionally savage attack on PARNELL or his Parliamentary Party. But, though sedulous in endeavour to depict the Irish Leader as a lath painted to look like an iron bar, he refuses to others the joy of recrimination. In fact, their indulgence in that habit is seized as opportunity for dealing a whack all round. In one of his vitriolic attacks he thus describes the attitude of PARNELL's followers when disaster fell upon the chief:—"They used to escape penury by blind obedience to Parnell. They could now throw Parnell to the wolves who ravened for his ruin and feel complacently satisfied that they could afford themselves that and other luxuries." This is said more *Hibernico*. In the altered circumstances of to-day we see it breaking forth again in the compliments publicly exchanged between Mr. REDMOND on one side, and Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON on the other. Making due allowance for it, students of the history of one of the most remarkable and far-reaching evolutions of home politics achieved in the last half-century will find Mr. O'DONNELL's book rich in information and suggestion.

I am sure that if KATHARINE TYNAN could find it in her heart to moderate the triumphs of virtue and the discomfitures of vice, her heroes and heroines would be the better for it in the long run. As it is, I leave them feeling that they are scantily equipped with experience for life in a complicated world. Take the case of *Dolly Lindsay*, who is really the principal figure in *Betty Carew* (SMITH, ELDER). She lived in Windlestraw, Hants, though I don't know what Ireland has done to be deserted like this. She was pretty, but

discontented with the very suitable young man to whom she was engaged, and went some way towards compromising herself with a local bounder possessing motor-cars and a dangerous fascination, who was instinctively avoided by the almost equally beautiful *Betty*. The affair was harmless, but *Dolly* was cut by the county. Then came the great cricket match, where, after being publicly snubbed (and even refused a cup of tea) by several rich *parvenues*, the victim of social spite was dragged gloriously from Coventry by *Lady Castledown* herself; and, right on the top of this, had the luck to rescue the child of her most venomous assailant (the bounder's wife) from death at the mouth of a mad dog. There are some very pleasant, likeable characters in *Betty Carew*, and I am glad to have met them; but a mad dog immediately after recognition by a countess!—no, I cannot believe that the gods distribute their favours so loosely.

"The question of forming a resilient floor for use as a bathroom is under consideration."—*Indian Engineering*.

The whole art of the morning cold bath lies in bouncing out quickly.



Magistrate (to Prisoner). "IF YOU WERE THERE FOR NO DISHONEST PURPOSES WHY WERE YOU IN YOUR STOCKING FEET?"

Prisoner. "I 'EARD THERE WAS SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY."